ESS DIRECTORY.

Articles of Manufacture.

G. L. SLOAN & CO. COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKERS, No. 58 First street, keep constantly on hand a general assortment of Carriages, Gigs, Sulkys, Waggons and Sleighs, on the most liberal terms. N. B. Coaches, Waggons, Sleighs, &c repaired in a neat and masterly manner, at short notice, on the most liberal terms. All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to. dec6

PATENT SPIRIT LIGHT.—G. MCHELL, Inventor and Manufacturer of the new discovered SPIRIT LAMPS, 194 Division street, N.York, which for brilliancy and economy, far surpasses any other light offered to the public. They burn five hours for two cents, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec6 6m

VARIETY BREAD STORE,
352 BROADWAY.
PIERCE & LUKE, successors to A. & D. Woodman, 352 Broadway, corner of Leonard streets, keep constantly for sale, a great variety of bread, consisting of about forty different kinds of Crackers, Cakes, Bread and Fancy Biscuits, among which are the following —

Water Crackers,	Composition Cake,
Butter do	Plum do
Sugar do	Pound do
Boston do	Sponge do
do Wafers,	Honey do
Tremont Biscuit,	Sugar do
President do	Plain Sugar do
Milk do	Ginger do
Tea do	Ginger Nuts,
Plain Bread,	Round Hearts
Wedge do	Seed Cakes,
Dry Rusk,	Fancy do
Tea Buns,	Lemon do

Graham bread of a superior quality baked every day. tf d29.

WILLIAM HANCOCK,
UPHOLSTER, Importer and Manufacturer of the various kinds of Upholstery goods, Nos. 37 to 49 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. At this establishment, one of the largest in the U. States, may be found at all times a very extensive assortment of Cabinet Furniture, and more especially a great variety of Boston Rocking Chairs, an article celebrated in the middle and Southern cities for its ease and elegance, comfort and convenience, together with every article for interior decoration. W. H. has made such arrangements as will enable him to attend personally to every command, and guarantees that orders from all parts of the country entrusted to his care, either for interior decorations or the more solid branches of the business, shall be faithfully and promptly executed. mar 1 tf

BOSTON BRUSH MANUFACTORY.
JOHN G. MMURRAY, No. 12, Exchange street, Boston. All kinds of Brushes made to order, and a good assortment constantly on hand. N. B. Wanted, 10,000 pounds American bristles, for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery in any quantity. mar 22 tf

AMERICAN PERFUMERY.
TO MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES—The subscribers offer a splendid and general assortment of perfumery, not to be equalled in the country, and on a scale of quality and neatness, with any imported which they offer on terms liberal, and solicit purchasers to an inspection of their assortment. SNYDER & CO.
Importers of and Dealers in English and French Perfumery, 39 Cedar corner of William-st. n 20

ENGRAVER & PRINTER, will pay the strictest attention to all orders received for Bank Notes, Book Plates, Cards, Seals, &c. Franklin Office, 85 Liberty-st

TO PAINTERS AND GILDERS—Gold and silver leaf, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt's-st. New York.
N. B. Gold, silver and copper bronzes of different colors and qualities, at lowest prices, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watt st. New York.

E. W. WALGROVE,
Merchant Tailor, No. 6, Wall street,
INFORMS the traveller and his fellow-citizens generally that he has constantly on hand a choice selection of blue, black, and colored Cloths, Kerseymeres and Vestings, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable and best style of workmanship, or to suit the taste of those who may extend to him their patronage.
Gentlemen travelling in the city can rely on having their orders despatched agreeably to their wishes. nov 1 tf

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTOR; containing an epeotome of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their resp ective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, it is adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.
"A knowledge of grammar is the foundation of our literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities of writing and speaking are only occasions for mental display their uniitness to write and to speak, or sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15

A CARD.
JAMES MCARTHY MURPHY, Merchant Tailor, 229 Broadway, most respectfully returns thanks to the gentlemen of New York, and to the public in general for the very liberal patronage which they have bestowed upon him since he commenced business, and begs to announce that he has removed from his late residence, 66 Chamber street to 233 Broadway, next door to the American Hotel, where he has fitted up at great expense, an establishment upon a new and elegant scale, and is determined that nothing shall be wanting on his part to merit a continuance of past favors. His stock of cloths is selected with the greatest care from the best manufactories in the West of England. A choice variety of Cassimeres, Toilonets, Valentias, and fancy silks of the newest patterns always on hand. The subscriber pledges himself that for fashionable style of fitting and good workmanship he is not to be surpassed either in Europe or America.
JAS. MCARTHY MURPHY,
March 9 Merchant Tailor.

JOHN BURDELL, Dentist, has removed his office from 303 Broadway, and permanently established his office at No. 64 Chambers st. opposite the Park, formerly occupied by Dr. David Rossiter. The following note has been received from Dr. Rossiter—"The undersigned having retired for the present from his profession as Dentist, his apartments No. 64 Chambers st. will be occupied by Mr J. Burdell, who will continue the practice of the profession.
From the reputation of Mr. Burdell as a dentist, and the satisfaction he has given to some of the most respectable families, as well as from my knowledge of his professional abilities, I do not hesitate in confidently recommending him to my patrons and friends.
mH D ROSSITER.

GOLDEN DIAPHORETIC TINCTURE, FOR INFLAMMATION.—This Medicine has long been used in their practice by a number of Medical gentlemen in this city, of the highest standing, for this disease and all others which depend on like causes is now offered to the public in full belief that it is superior to any article in the whole compass of medicine. It effects a cure without issues or confinement, and has never failed to relieve or cure when the directions have been strictly attended to. It is not our intention to weary the reader by speaking of the virtues of a medicine which need only be used to prove it to be all that is claimed for it. Testimonies to the effect The following extract is from the work of a medical gentleman whose reputation stands as far as any man's in America.
"Of all the Diaphoretic Medicines I have used, the most powerful is a preparation prepared at the N. E. corner of Sixth and Race streets, Philadelphia, by E. Evans. The preparation is but little known, although from what I have frequently witnessed of its effects, I am fully satisfied that it is a "peculiarly valuable remedy." JOHN EBEGDE, M. D.
Professor of Materia Medica and Botany, in the Ohio Medical College."
The following highly respectable Surgeon of this city has used and is willing to testify that it is a superior medicine. GEORGE MCCLELLAN, M. D.
Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.
Another well known medical gentleman who has used it with entire success, kindly consents to give his name for reference.
GEORGE W. RITEE, M. D.
The following great testimonies to the fact he has succeeded in every Rheumatic case.
M. M. LEVIS, M. D.
I have used the Diaphoretic Tincture, sold by J. W. Burns & Co and am prepared to say that I have always succeeded in curing Rheumatism and Sciatica totally with it. THOMAS E. WARE, M. D.
In Sixth street above Race, Philadelphia.
CERIFICATES.
I have been long afflicted with Rheumatism, and had almost despaired ever recovering. I could not move, in a word, I was as helpless as an infant. Dr. Eberle was called in and prescribed the Diaphoretic Tincture, I took it regularly, and from that moment began to improve. I am now, after five years, have had no return of the most acute disease. This certificate I give with pleasure, for I hope sincerely that it may become generally known that there is a cure for Rheumatism. JACOB KEYSER.
Residence No. 8 Market street, Philadelphia.
Until I used the Golden Diaphoretic Tincture, I enjoyed the Rheumatism to the terrible, I have recovered and again enjoy good health.
WM. HOFER. Harrisburg, Pa.
Other respectable certificates could be furnished but we deem it folly, as every one can be satisfied by referring to the above respectable persons, or at the Medicinal Store, N. E. corner of Sixth and Race sts.
☞ The Golden Diaphoretic Tincture, sold only by J. W. BURNS & CO. N. E. corner of Sixth and Race sts Philad.; and E. A. McCLEAN, 235 Greenwich st. corner of Robinson, New York. m25

Miscellaneous.

JOHNSON & GREEN,
MANUFACTURERS OF HAIR SEATING AND CURLED HAIR, offer for sale at their Factory Ware Room, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, viz plain Hair Seating, 15 to 28 inches wide; figured Hair Seating, 36 to 28 inches wide; figured Chair Seats, by the dozen, suitable for Cabinet-makers; white and fancy Hair Cloth; black tabby fancy Hair Cloth, calculated for Stock and Cap manufacturers; Chair and Sofa Webbing; 300 doz. Hair Stock Frames; 5000 lbs. Curled Hair in Rope. nov 10

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTEL,
THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jessup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Fobes, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The omnibus is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the convenience of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. B. JESUP.
Albany, june 25.

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANNISEED,
FOR COUGHS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, ASTHMAS, &c
UNDER the immediate patronage of several of the most distinguished Nobility and Gentry in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland, in bottles at 50 and 60 cents each.
This invaluable Medicine has the extraordinary property of immediately relieving coughs, colds, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, and hoskiness in the throat. It operates by dissolving the congealed Phlegm, consequently causing a free expectoration. Those who are troubled with tickling in the throat which deprives them of rest night after night, by the incessant cough which it provokes, will, by taking one dose, find immediate relief, and one bottle in most cases will effect a cure. Numerous cases have come to the Proprietor's knowledge, where young people have been troubled with Cough's spitting of Blood, and gradual wasting away, with every appearance of going into a decline, who, by taking two or three bottles, have been entirely cured. In Asthmas, chronic coughs, difficulty in breathing, &c., no pen can describe the wonders that have been performed by this invaluable medicine. Many, who for years have been unable to lie down in their beds without a danger of being choked by an accumulation of phlegm (which invariably causes a dreadful cough;) others, who with difficulty could breathe at all in a recumbent posture, have, by taking one dose of this excellent balsam, been enabled to lie down comfortably in their beds. But the testimonials of those who have experienced its wonderful effects will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the public, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following:—
Extract of a letter forwarded by James Fa r, Esq. of Lustruther, Bedlingtonshire, to Mr. Renwick, of Jedburg who forwarded it to Mr. Powell.
"Dear Sir, Lustruther, 18th of January, 1830.
"You know that I was sceptical with regard to the wonders performed by the administration of Patent Medicines to the numerous complaints of afflicted patients." I have now altered my opinion, at least so far as to effect produced on me by two doses of "Powell's Balsam of Aniseed." In fact it was quite magical! Having been for some time afflicted and tormented with what is termed a "stomach cough," I took one tea-spoon-ful of the bottle sent me, mixed with a wine glass-ful of cold water, in the morning, and the same in the evening, on stepping into bed; and although prevented from sleeping the whole of the previous night, I found myself entirely free from any severe coughed from that time to this, a period of at least a week! had one of the "Scotch Cholera" descended from Heaven and said, 'be we whole;' the effect produced could not have been more immediate or effectual.
"You are at liberty to make what use you may think proper of this letter, for its contents are no less true than wonderful."
Prepared and sold by
THOMAS POWELL, Black Swan yard, London: And sold only in New York at his Store, 8 Arcade.
A large supply has just been received from London, and which can be forwarded in any quantity, to any part of the United States, on a remittance being forwarded per post. jan 12

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS &c.
OLIVER HULL, No. 108 Maiden lane, between Pearl and Water-streets, New York, have on hand a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye Woods, Chemicals, &c which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms, and in quantities to suit purchasers.
White and Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Spanish Brown, Venetian, Epsom Salts, in barrels and kegs; Glauber do do do; Alum, in barrels or kegs; Arrow Root, best Bermuda do do do 2d quality, Balsam Tolu in jars, Balsam Copaiva in demijohns and bottles, Oil Anise, in carboys and bottles, Oil Cassia, Yellow Prussian Blue, Oil Vitriol in carboys and bottles, Aqua fortis in do do, Muriatic Acid in do do do, Ground and chipped Eye Wood in barrels, Madder in casks and barrels, Alcohol in barrels, Gingal, Brazil, Fustic, Nicaragua, Sandal Wood, Camphor, Castile Soap, Ink Powder, Kidder's best, do do 2d quality, Sedlitz Powders, Soda Powders, Lee's Pills, Windham and New London Liver Pastor, Opodeldoc, Moat's Pills for dyspepsia, Indian Specific for coughs, Foreign and American Patent Medicines, Medicine Chests for families, and every article in their line may 3

HARP.
H. J. TRUST (pupil of N. C. BOCHSA,) tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his patrons for their support last season, and begs to inform them and the public, that he has now re-commenced giving Lessons on this popular instrument. As a guarantee of his competency as a Teacher, he takes the liberty to direct the attention of families to the names of the following distinguished individuals, to whom he has the honor and pleasure to refer—viz. Mr. W. Tuckwell, Esq. of Baltimore; John Delafield, Esq. of N. York; Henry Carey, Esq. of do.; James Buchanan, Esq. of do.; D. Lynch, Esq. of do.; N. Prime, Esq. of do.; G. Barclay, Esq. of do. H. J. T. also gives Lessons on the Guitar and Piano Forte. Scores and select parties attended with the Harp, Piano, &c. &c. by the Messrs. TRUSTS. Terms, &c. apply at Broadway, 2 doors above Canal.

WINTER FASHIONS,
At H. T. STURLEVN, 255 Broadway, 2 doors from Peale's Museum.
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY colored and bl'k Silk Cloaks, made in a superior style and finest patterns. A large assortment of French Cabrioes; gentlemen and ladies' Silk, Cotton, Merino, Angola, Lamb's wool and Worsted Hose. Gloves, of every description, and a splendid assortment of Fancy Shawls, Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, and a general assortment of every article in French and English fancy goods Gentlemen's Fancy Stocks, Collars, &c. which will be offered at the lowest prices. nov 10

TWO CHAIR MAKERS—Gold leaf and bronzes of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. 119

STONINGTON COLLECTION-CHURCH MUSIC
JUST published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, Washington-st. Boston, and Concord, N. H. opposite the Capitol, the 18th edition, enlarged and improved. This work was compiled by the Stonington Harmonic Society. It has been improved and stereotyped, and the publishers have spared no pains or expense in rendering it worthy of extended patronage. It is printed on royal size paper of good quality, and strongly bound. The type is of Lotham's construction, New-York, and for beauty and distinctness, is superior to any thing of the kind ever produced in this country. A writer in a Boston Journal, gives the following reasons for his partiality to the work. Without further recapitulation, we shall give our reasons why we adopted a signature as being friendly to the Stonington Collection of Church Music.
1st. Because it affords that variety of music calculated to please, and beneficially to effect the people of this country. 2d, because it has furnished many of the old American tunes of great merit, in their proper rank—which before were the same as lost to the world—they being out of print. 3d because it is compiled with strict reference to the wants of the whole community, and not particular for one class, to the exclusion of others. 4th because the alterations in the old tunes do not interfere with our pleasurable associations, and the established habits and tastes of a large portion of our singers. 5th because its arrangement is to remain unchanged—until another and a still more taste prevails among the people. 6th because the performances of its pieces, the objects and ends are fully answered. Price low. july 19

THE NEW-YORK TRAVELLER,
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,
At No. 1 Law Buildings, near Wall st.
BY FISHER & INMAN.
☞ TERMS of subscription. THREE DOLLARS per year, payable in advance. Subscribers not paying in advance, or withholding payment, when bills are presented, will be charged at the rate of *three dollars and fifty cents.* No paper discontinued but by order of the subscriber or at the discretion of the proprietors Subscribers by the quarter must pay *one dollar* in advance.
☞ Advertisements conspicuously inserted on moderate terms.
BURNETT & SMITH, Printers 77 Ann street,

The Traveller, Family Journal,

TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES — LIFE IN NEW-YORK

VOL. II....WHOLE No. 136.
OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

BY FISHER & INMAN.
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1833.

GUNNING.

No one who has ever participated in the sports of the field can be indifferent to the fascination of gunning. No one who has ever seen the enthusiasm with which the Sportsman prepares for his enjoyment of his manly exercise and exhilirating pastime, but must feel that there exists in it a something far more exciting and healthful than is enjoyed by the listless lounger at the most fashionable hour in Broadway. He knows not the keen appetite which relishes the coarsest fare:—he feels none of the vigor which early rising and excitement produce, nor does he taste such unbroken slumbers as he, whom a day of exercise invites to a night of repose.

"Let gay ones and great,
"Make the most of their state.
"From pleasure to pleasure they run,
"Well,—who cares a jot,
"I envy them not.
"While I have my Dog and my Gun!

"For pleasure and air,
"To the fields we repair:
"With spirits unclouded and light;
"While the blisses we find,
"No sting leave behind,
"But health and diversion unite."

As the Gunning Season is now commencing, we present for the assistance of the young and the approval of the experienced Sportsman, a few rules and observations that may tend much to improve their sport, or make them more fitted for its perfect enjoyment. Woodcock shooting commenced on the first of the present month in the state of New-York, and in "the Jarseys" on the 5th, and we now commence a series of articles on Gunning, by putting together the advice and recommendations of experienced sportsmen for the guidance of the uninitiated,—so that they may shortly become as expert as their elders, and learn how to procure the fullest enjoyment to be had from "a Dog and Gun."

Every thing that accustoms the tyro to the use of the fowling piece, will more or less promote his object, and swallow shooting will no doubt assist; but in preference to destroying these very useful birds, whose appearance associates the beauties of spring and summer to the mind, we should certainly recommend shooting at sparrows and starlings, as they are very mischievous, and their flight, particularly the latter, resembles, in some degree, that of a partridge. But, allowing that practice of this sort will assist, it will not obtain the ultimate object; nor does in fact the secret or skill consist merely in the dexterity of shooting flying—the alarm which is caused by the sudden spring of game, and the noise which ensues, throw the young sportsman so completely off his guard, and create such a trepidation, that some practice is at least indispensable, before these difficulties can be overcome; nor, until the game is approached with the utmost coolness, the sudden spring, &c., regarded with indifference, and the object selected with deliberation, will the sportsman be able to bring down the object with almost unerring certainty. We will suppose a man to be an expert swallow shooter—let him approach a covey of partridges, prepared to fire,—the birds rise suddenly with great noise and confusion, and the swallow shooter will be so completely bewildered, that they are sure to escape; or, if he hit one, it will be merely an accident.

The fall of the bird gives as much pleasure to the dog as to the shooter; and a capital dog, if no game be killed to him, will become careless, and eventually good for nothing. Practice, however, will soon overcome obstacles, and, with an ordinary share of self-command, no person need despair of becoming a tolerable shot. By way of illustration, we will suppose the young shooter in the field, with two dogs; he perceives one drawing on the scent, and setting to a point—let him call out *take!* holding up his hand at the same time; the word will induce greater care in the first dog, and if the other should not be aware of the game, he will immediately look about him, and, seeing his master's hand, will keep his position, (no matter what his situation may be, either before or behind the shooter,) or to speak as a sportsman, will back. We will suppose both the dogs perfectly steady,—let the sportsman advance, deliberately, up to the setting dog; and if the game should not spring, let him go before the dog,—if the birds should run instead of taking wing, he will be aware of the circumstance by the dog following; but if the dog follows or *foots* too eagerly, he should be checked by the words *take heed!* These are anxious moments; but the sportsman must nevertheless, summon all his fortitude, and continue as calm as possible, with his thumb on the cock, and select an individual object,—if the bird flies straight forward, it is a very easy shot; let the sportsman direct his eye down the barrel, and the instant he perceives a bird on a line with the muzzle, let him pull the trigger: in levelling, however, the aim should be rather above than below the object for the shot, if correctly thrown, will form its centre from the centre of the muzzle or the loading piece; nevertheless, in this respect, allowance must be made for the trim of the gun, or for the manner in which it throws the shot, with which I am supposing the sportsman perfectly acquainted. If the birds should fly directly across, or only partially so, and thus describe the segment of a circle, the aim must be directed before the object, if with a common gun, four inches; with a percussion gun two inches; supposing the distance to be about thirty yards. The average of shots is perhaps from twenty to thirty yards, though forty is within reach, and even fifty, particularly with a percussion gun. When the bird flies in the shoot, or, as it were, or towards him, he should let it pass before he attempts to fire, or he will be almost certain to miss.

Let the sportsman be careful, in loading the piece to keep it in arm's length, and not hang his fore over the muzzle. Also, if he uses a double gun, let him examine whether, by any means, the other barrel has become cocked—indeed, whether he has fired or not, he ought to see that the cock or cocks are secure, before he places the fowling piece on his left arm for the purpose of advancing, the fowling piece should be carried with the trigger forward, and as nearly perpendicular as possible. A gun is a dangerous instrument, and therefore care is indispensable.

It may not be amiss to observe, that a sort of unconscious or involuntary motion, or movement of the arms and body, accompanies the level, which should not be checked till after the piece is discharged;—if stopped at the moment of pulling the trigger, the bird most likely will fly away. Also, for a very long shot, the level should be higher than usual, as the shot will not fly any great distance before it begins to come downwards. In levelling, the fowling piece should be held firmly to the shoulder, the left hand placed either close to the trigger guard or a few inches in advance; the former is perhaps safer in case the barrel bursts; but the latter will prevent the gun becoming pounthecay. The powder, in a patent breech, if not more than a proper quantity is used, will always be loose, (and thus ignitic much better) as the wadding cannot be forced further than the top of the breech, (and the closer the wadding fits the better,) the shot would certainly be well rammed. The fowling-piece, too, will require wiping out once or twice during a hard day's shooting; also, in going out in the morning, it should be aired by firing a little powder; if percussion priming be used, it will be necessary to place wadding over the powder in the barrel, or it will be apt to be drawn out unexploded; the force of percussion priming is so great, that it drives the atmospheric air before it with such violence as to expel the powder before the fire reaches it.

It sometimes happens that a sportsman may cock the gun, and, not firing, have occasion to let down the cock;—in doing which, he should let the cock pass, and, bringing it back to the half cock, make it *tell* well into the bumder.

For partridges, a brace of good dogs is quite sufficient at once, but they should be used to hunt together, and be perfectly acquainted with each other; otherwise they will be jealous and commit many mistakes. To beat a country, in a sportsmanlike manner, a person should not go straight through it, but form circles, as it were, traversing well the ground, and taking care to give the dogs the wind as much as possible; at the same time, the sportsman should not be afraid of beating the ground over twice where there is any reason to believe there is game. He who patiently beats and ranges his ground over and over again, will generally kill the largest quantity of game, and will be sure to find it where it has been left by others. Birds will often lie so close as to suffer themselves almost to be trod upon before they will attempt to rise.

It will be proper to observe, that the shooter should never strike either bush or indeed any thing for this purpose, it is possible the cock may be caught by some branch, and thus cause the piece to be fatally discharged; on the contrary, should a bush, &c. be struck with the muzzle end, the sportsman will be very liable to lose his shot. It is an advisable practice to examine occasionally, in shooting in general, whether by any means the shot has moved.

If the sportsman use a double gun, and has discharged one of the barrels, he should, after ramming the wadding on the powder in reloading, put the ramrod down the barrel that has not been discharged, which will be less trouble than placing it under his arm, or otherwise; he then can put in the shot, and on taking the ramrod out of the other barrel, he can instantly ascertain whether the shot has moved. Care must be taken in pouring the charge of shot down the barrel which the sportsman is loading, that none of the pellets escape down the other barrel, as by this means the ramrod will sometimes become wedged very fast, and not moved again perhaps without some trouble.

In discharging one barrel of a double gun, the shot in the other will frequently be loosened, if paper, or any such pliable wadding, be used; but with punched card, this will seldom, if ever, happen; though it is highly advisable to examine, nevertheless, in order to avoid every possible danger.

As to the color of the shooter's dress, green is supposed to be the best in the early part of the season, and when winter approaches, a kind of light brown, resembling the stubble; this last color will be found to answer throughout the year; and, indeed, it is highly preferable in hot weather, as it is much cooler, or, in other words, it does not possess so much attraction for the rays of the sun.

Woodcock shooting is very laborious, and requires both judgement and experience. As the season is very hot, it becomes highly necessary to be clothed accordingly. The lighter the dress the better, taking care, at the same time, to let the garments neat the skin; finely consist of flannel. A flannel shirt and drawers are the best that can be used for this purpose, and no shirt fact to be recommended; cleanliness is only necessary. Flannel, though, is capable of affording warmth, as, notwithstanding, a bad conductor of heat, and therefore it is sportsmanlike to be hot-footed or warm in the woods; but little or no sense or use in summer on any account. Gaiters, or, if more convenient, boots that lace close, but which are easy to the legs and feet, are to be recommended. It will be advisable also, in the same follow on your legs the bottoms of your feet, and the ankles of your toes, before you go out in the morning, which will not only cause you to walk easy, but prevent that soreness or inflammation consequent to a hard day's shooting. A good shirt is to be mentioned that the legs (but it is very necessary appendage to the bottom of which should be attached a tin cup, which will enable the sportsman to allay his thirst by making water and rinsing the mouth with, perhaps be found as serviceable to answer the desired purpose; but on no account should cold water be drunk alone, the fatal consequences of which, when a person is in a violent perspiration, are well known.

New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

THE REFORM BILL.

When the Reform Bill was under discussion in England, it occasioned as is well known, a great deal of excitement and was the chief subject of conversation in all circles. The notions conceived of it by some of the lower ranks of the London population, were sufficiently ludicrous and their mistakes in talking about it, gave rise to a number of laughable anecdotes—The following is one of the best we have heard—A servant in one of the great houses neglected her duties for weeks to look out of the window, till her mistress was obliged to remonstrate—"If you please ma'am, said the girl, it's to see the Reform Bill: I heard as how it was going to pass, and I thought it might pass this way."

COPLEY THE PAINTER.

Our readers are no doubt aware that the father of Lord Lyndhurst, the predecessor of Brougham in the Chancellors list of Great Britain, was an American named Copley, and an artist by profession. It is a remarkable circumstance that almost at the same hour, America produced, amid her deserts and trading villages, two distinguished painters, West and Copley, who, unknown to each other, were schooling themselves in the rudiments of their art, attempting portraits of their friends one day, and historical composition on the next; studying nature from the naked Apollos of the wilderness, as somebody called the indians; and making experiments on all manner of colors, primitive and compound; in short, groping through in operation the right way to eminence and fame. A curious anecdote is related of Copley's first introduction to notice in England.

"A painting of a "Boy and a tame Squirrel," came without any letter or artist's name, to one of the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy; and on the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the most its natural action and the deepest and enduring made the Academicians decide to give it a good place, or otherwise they will be jealous and commit many mistakes. To beat a country, in a sportsmanlike manner, a person should not go straight through it, but form circles, as it were, traversing well the ground, and taking care to give the dogs the wind as much as possible; at the same time, the sportsman should not be afraid of beating the groundover twice where there is any reason to believe there is game. He who patiently beats and ranges his ground over and over again, will generally kill the largest quantity of game, and will be sure to find it where it has been left by others. Birds will often lie so close as to suffer themselves almost to be trod upon before they will attempt to rise.

It will be proper to observe, that the shooter should never strike either bush or indeed any thing with his fowling piece. Should he use the butt end for this purpose, it is possible the cock may be caught by some branch, and thus cause the piece to be fatally discharged; on the contrary, should a bush, &c. be struck with the muzzle end, the sportsman will be very liable to lose his shot. It is an advisable practice to examine occasionally, in shooting in general, whether by any means the shot has moved.

If the sportsman use a double gun, and has discharged one of the barrels, he should, after ramming the wadding on the powder in reloading, put the ramrod down the barrel that has not been discharged, which will be less trouble than placing it under his arm, or otherwise; he then can put in the shot, and on taking the ramrod out of the other barrel, he can instantly ascertain whether the shot has moved. Care must be taken in pouring the charge of shot down the barrel which the sportsman is loading, that none of the pellets escape down the other barrel, as by this means the ramrod will sometimes become wedged very fast, and not moved again perhaps without some trouble.

In discharging one barrel of a double gun, the shot in the other will frequently be loosened, if paper, or any such pliable wadding, be used; but with punched card, this will seldom, if ever, happen; though it is highly advisable to examine, nevertheless, in order to avoid every possible danger.

As to the color of the shooter's dress, green is supposed to be the best in the early part of the season, and when winter approaches, a kind of light brown, resembling the stubble; this last color will be found to answer throughout the year; and, indeed, it is highly preferable in hot weather, as it is much cooler, or, in other words, it does not possess so much attraction for the rays of the sun.

Woodcock shooting is very laborious, and requires both judgement and experience. As the season is very hot, it becomes highly necessary to be clothed accordingly. The lighter the dress the better, taking care, at the same time, to let the garments neat the skin; finely consist of flannel. A flannel shirt and drawers are the best that can be used for this purpose, and no shirt fact to be recommended; cleanliness is only necessary. Flannel, though, is capable of affording warmth, as, notwithstanding, a bad conductor of heat, and therefore it is sportsmanlike to be hot-footed or warm in the woods; but little or no sense or use in summer on any account. Gaiters, or, if more convenient, boots that lace close, but which are easy to the legs and feet, are to be recommended. It will be advisable also, in the same follow on your legs the bottoms of your feet, and the ankles of your toes, before you go out in the morning, which will not only cause you to walk easy, but prevent that soreness or inflammation consequent to a hard day's shooting. A good shirt is to be mentioned that the legs (but it is very necessary appendage to the bottom of which should be attached a tin cup, which will enable the sportsman to allay his thirst by making water and rinsing the mouth with, perhaps be found as serviceable to answer the desired purpose; but on no account should cold water be drunk alone, the fatal consequences of which, when a person is in a violent perspiration, are well known.

For the Traveller and Times.
A TOPER'S DUEL.

The late Duke of Richmond was notoriously the greatest toper of his time; and planned himself very much on being able to drink down any man in England. On being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought another, and a still greater triumph awaited him: for the Bacchanals of the western isle were justly celebrated as ranking among the most profound topers of the day.

Burning with the laudable ambition of mounting flagons with so noble a foe, he advanced fearlessly to the combat. The first field was one of unconceivable slaughter—wounded vessels, and vanquished men, lay strewed about in all directions; but still the gallant duke soon discovered that he would have more to do in support of his dignity that night, than was ever required of him on any former occasion. His superiority, however became more and more manifest; for, before midnight, most of his antagonists were upon their backs; and ere the first cock crew, the last, and *longest winded* of all, a stern old champion, who till that hour had never known defeat, was sprawling under the table.

Night followed night, or rather revel succeeded revel in quick succession, (for the field was seldom lost and won before sunrise;) and each terminated with precisely the same result. The laurels were torn from the brows of the most inveterate "*brain of day sapp*" on the island;—the various "clubs" were in the utmost consternation, at the idea of all their hard won honors going to swell the triumphs of the insatiable stranger;—the "longest draws," (as they are technically termed,) were terrified out from every hook and crook in the country, and sent to join the ranks in Dublin, but, alas! all was vanity! Each in succession was obliged to give way before the superior prowess of the mighty Richmond. Few, it is recorded were able to stand him more than the *fortieth* tumbler and not one as yet had joined him in the *fiftieth*, a number, which he used to say was absolutely necessary to the regulation of his *digestive principles*, and he has often affirmed, that he was totally incapable of sleep, what poets call "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," until after he had conquered his twelfth bottle. At length his fame grew to such a height, that sober-minded men became afraid of touching the hem of his garment, lest they should get drunk by very infection;—for a time, indeed, no man dared to enter the lists as an opponent, and he was usually left to enjoy himself "*alone in his glory,*" or to pine like other invincibles on record, for further conquests; but at length an event occurred which in one night stripped him of all his laurels, and proved what a fallacious thing it is to build our hopes on human greatness.

A young man named Edward Sautren, son of the attorney general, had been for some time acquiring considerable fame in a "Philpot Club," composed of a host of gallants of his own age. This came to the ears of the Duke, who, being determined that no man, should abstract even a spoonful, from the ocean of his glory, instantly sent him a challenge, which was as instantly accepted, and a meeting appointed for the following night. The night came, and the rivals took their stations. At present, of course, expected a speedy issue—the "representative of majesty" was sure of it; and looking sneeringly down his veteran red nose, at his smock faced antagonist, he nodded round to his companions, as much as to say, that the victory was hardly worth contending for.

The strife now commenced—bottle followed bottle, quick, thick and heavy, until a dozen on either side, had already suffered martyrdom. Here the Duke, gave another peep, but to young Sautren's eye was placid as ever, and betrayed not the most distant token of inebriation.

"Well" quoth the veteran "he will be an acquisition to our forces after all, in spite of his white nose and baby face, probably he may hold out for the better half of another dozen."

The young candidate for Bacchanalian honors merely smiled in assent.

The better half, soon "went the way of all drink" after the first dozen, but still no change. Six others followed with the same effect—four more—ditto, ditto.—the Duke began to look demayed—the surrounding topers stared amazement, and a glimmering of hope began to dawn on the hearts of many that the enigma of honor, would be yet plucked from the forehead of the English Invader.

Richmond, now rose to take a pace or two across the apartment, to *draw breath*, a thing that he was never before known to indulge in on a similar occasion; and for the first time in his life he was obliged to have recourse to an outside step, in order to drive matters to extremity, he again sat down, and in a spirt of desperation, emptied *seven* bottles in defiance of his tottering honors. But, alas! for Richmond!—his hour was come. Just as the last drop had left the seventh bottle, a hearty roar burst from his delighted heart, as it had borne his foe, along with it, and the next moment the *mighty Duke, the weight-lifting stone*, tumbled head over heels on the groaning boards, as senseless, and as burly as a wood sack.

The spectators, now with one accord, advanced to pay homage to their newly installed Monarch of the vine, (for by a tacit agreement he was chosen successor to his defunct majesty under the table, on the spot,) and he, to show how truly he appreciated the lovely, stood erect over the vanquished noble, and at one gallant draught emptied another bottle which, tradition affirms to have been the thirty-sixth he drank that night—to the finishing proof of his powers, and to show how truly he was worthy of their choice, absolutely lifted his huge antagonist from the floor;—placed him upon his shoulders! and without a single waver in his step, carried him up two flights of stairs to his bed.

The fame of Ned Sautren's splendid victory, soon spread from "India to the pole," and though, in defence of his dignate he has been obliged to accept innumerable challenges from the topers of various parts of the world, he still stands proudly eminent; and as a token of the admiration of the "Philpot" and as a token of the admiration of the "Philpot" ever since the memorable night of the *three dozen* he has been distinguished by the enviable and glorious appellation of the "SAND BANK."

THE FALLS.
BY T HOOD.

Who does not know that dreadful gulf where Niagara falls;
Where eagle mids eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope;
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;
While, thro' with clouds of fear and doubt, the mingled roaring wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to lame or bliss;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!

Oh, Heaven it turns me sick to see with cold of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark afloat on that tumultuous stream!
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might
On, on—still on—direct for doom, the river rushed in force,
And I could do the stream of Time, stood with it in its course.

My eyes I closed—I dared not look—the way towards the goal;
But still I saw it behind closes, and dreamt it in my soul.—
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleet-winged shades,
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for ever—fades!

Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,
The tortorit's sonorous—dreadful the mad, like death-sweat gathering round.
Oh, God! Oh God! My brain!—and those that mad it swirl—
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet,
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dash'd from ledge to ledge,
From crag to cr

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, July 6, 1833.

We shall feel particularly obliged to any of our Philadelphia friends, who can give us any information regarding an agent of ours, very lately in that city, named David P. Jordella, as we have been for a long time without any communication from him. We hope we may hear from him personally, or of him through some of our friends in the course of the week.

Mr. Henry Becker who was lately in Albany whence he sent us the names of several subscribers, is requested to communicate with us before he proceeds farther.

FOURTH OF JULY DOINGS.

The glorious Anniversary of the 4th July has past off more brilliantly than has been known for many years. Contrasted with its melancholy predecessor, nothing could be more happy or cheerful. The streets throughout the day exhibited a moving mass of contented and gaily dressed mortals, bent on enjoying the beautiful as well as glorious day.—Soldiers were in abundance, and squibs and crackers out of number. No peace officer could be taunted with not having "smelt powder," for enough was burnt by the boys to give the woodcock another weeks' life while the mills manufacture a fresh supply.

In the evening every place of amusement was thronged with visitors,—patriotic songs and transparencies were given inside and outside of the Theatres. The Gardens were as gay as abundance of fireworks and and pretty faces could make them.

Castle Garden was in a blaze of light, and presented one of the most lovely scenes in the world, blending as it did the artificial with the natural. The view of the *fireworks* in the garden, and the *water works* in the bay—one lighted up by Mr. Marsh and the other by Madame *Luna*—formed together one of the most picturesque of scenes. And such it is every night when the weather is fine.

Niblo's Garden was also crowded with the combined attractions of art and nature—real beauty and artificial brilliance! Nothing can well exceed the enjoyment of an evening passed in Niblo's little paradise, and that of the 4th July would have been more charming than any of its precursors but for a dreadful accident which happened while the fireworks were being discharged. A large gallery had been erected opposite the building where the exhibition took place, which became so tremendously crowed that the flooring of it broke through, and precipitated those who were on it, to the ground. We most sincerely lament to add that one gentleman had his leg broken, and several ladies were seriously hurt. No blame can attach to Mr. Niblo, who did every thing in his power to alleviate the effects of the accident.

Vauxhall.—Kept up its character for life and gaiety,—there was abundance of excellent Music,—fire works on the most extended scale,—and the best and strictest attention on the part of its proprietor to the comfort of his guests,—the quality of their entertainments,—and the decorum and propriety observed throughout the gardens. This is a charming spot for an evenings recreation, and after passing through one of these sultry days, an hour's stroll in these gardens is most refreshing.

An accident occurred at Hoboken in the course of the day, which most fortunately was unattended with any serious mishaps. On the arrival of the ferry boat, and just as her complement of passengers, to the number of some fifty, had placed their feet upon the moveable bridge, the chain that usually supports it gave way, and set the major part of them scrambling up its slanting side, or floundering in the water at its foot; men, women, and children, were paddling together like bathers at Long Branch. The *salt* sea of course put them all in a pretty *pickle*! A waddle in the water may be beneficial to ducks, but not Russia ducks, and accordingly the gentlemen's whites looked rather oddly unged with "green and yellow," like Shakspeare's Melancholy. The ladies when rescued from the waves did not seem much like so many Venuses rising from the sea,—for their quondam curls looked distressingly like long twelves at a tallow melters,—and the little urchins dressed out in their holiday gear, looked when emerged like most unclassic resemblances of Achilles dipt by his mother in the river where they always *sticks*. But nothing more serious occurred, than a ducking, and every body knows that a good soaking is one of the regular doings of the 4th of July.

A HOAX.

We perceive that sundry of our contemporaries have been taken in with their eyes wide open, by the following ingenious paragraph, put forth some time ago by the waggish editors of the Standard.

The Evening Post says, it would "be glad to know something more than the initials of the name of the author of some uncommonly spirited lines," which it copies from the London Athenæum. The initials are "J. K. B." Is it possible that the editors of that paper have not heard of Jervis Kepple Batson—the second son of a wealthy Devonshire baronet, and a senior wrangler at Cambridge a few years ago? They must have seen repeated notices of the little volume of his poetry, that was so superbly printed last year, by Henry Miller of Albemarle-street; and if we mistake not they have themselves published extracts from his exquisite poem of the Fall of the Paria.

Since the appearance of this cunningly devised piece of information, the "uncommonly spirited lines" have been copied and recopied in all directions, with the grave assurance that they are the production of Jervis Kepple Batson, senior wrangler, and second son of a wealthy Dorsetshire baronet! Now there *may* be such a baronet as Sir somebody Batson, and he may have a son endowed with the harmonious cognomen of Jervis Kepple: but we take it upon ourselves to say that they must have sharp eyes who can find any such name in the list of wranglers at Cambridge, or Oxford either—For our own part we freely confess that we have not seen any notices of any little volume of poetry, superbly printed by Henry Miller of Albemarle-street, and entitled the Fall of the Paria, and we should feel much obliged to our friends of the Standard for a sight of their copy. We should be glad too, to know something more of Henry Miller the publisher of the volume in question; a Miller there is in London who sells books, but his name if we recollect right is John and not Henry; and we suspect that Albemarle-street might be searched very thoroughly without affording any such establishment as that of Henry Miller. The hoax is a good one, and it has been very successful.

Pigeon Shooting.—A good supply of Birds has been procured, and many excellent matches will come off on Friday the 12th at the Red House Pleasure Ground, Harlem Road. One match which will take place on that day, has already excited considerable interest as it is between two of the reputed best shots in New-York.

A Bull. Some few months ago an accident occurred which resulted fatally to a gentleman who occasionally resided in the House where it happened. On calling the next day to know if he had been removed, the Irish boy at the door very naively replied, "oh, sir, he lives here still,—they re just taking the coffin up stairs now."

SKETCHES OF TURKEY.

Ratfloris is great pleasure to be enabled to lay before our readers in anticipation some extracts from a work now in the press, entitled "Sketches of Turkey in 1831." These sketches are the result of a residence of rather more than a year in Constantinople, and we take it upon ourselves to say that the author has done more towards furnishing a correct and impartial view of the Turks, their resources, customs, religion, domestic manners and government, than has been accomplished by all the travellers of the last twenty years. Unlike most of those who have visited Turkey, he has mingled among the Osmanlies without prejudices to overcome, or theories to sustain, his object was simply to discover the truth for which his profession gave him great facilities and having discovered it, he has given it to the world without embellishment or diminution. We do not feel ourselves authorized to give the name of the writer; but we suspect that his readers will have no difficulty in recognizing him as a citizen of New-York, a member of one of the learned professions, distinguished for his scientific attainments, who at the approach of the epidemic last summer, was entrusted by our city government with an important and hazardous mission. His sketches will be published we believe in the course of two or three weeks by Messrs J. & J. Harper, and we anticipate for them a most cordial reception; they are full of information such as is nowhere else to be found, and extremely interesting; and what is of still more importance, contain a picture of the Turks as they really are, striking, correct and ample in its details, and free from the distortions of prejudice, romance, misconception and ignorance.

A GREEK PILOT.

Shortly after firing a gun and hoisting a flag, a small sail-boat was seen making its way out of the harbor towards us. While lying-to for this boat, we had an opportunity of witnessing its manœuvres; and as we had rather elevated ideas of the cleverness of the Greek Islanders in this particular, it was with surprise that we found them to be unseamanlike and lubberly. There were three persons in the boat, and when, after much scolding, and pushing, and rowing, they were fairly alongside, two of them jumped on board, and in tolerable English offered their services as pilots; each produced large tin boxes filled with certificates from various ships in which they had exercised their craft, and it appeared from these documents that they had at different times been on board the ships of every naval power in the world. The eldest was a sallow-faced, beetle browed man, of few words and quiet deportment. His companion was a hale, handsome, black-eyed fellow of about thirty, decorated with a pair of jetty mustachios, which twirled about with infinite compliancey while answering the interrogatories of the captain. He was according to his own story, a man of various accomplishments, speaking no less than six languages, that is to say, English, French, Italian, Turkish, Illyric, and Greek. "I speeks six lanteesides, and all so good as Ingleesh," was the phrase in which he conveyed this information.

A CONSUL.

At the door, we met with and were formally introduced to the English consul. It has been our lot to meet with queer specimens of mortality in the shape of American consuls in various parts of the world, and more particularly in the Mediterranean, where they have been scattered about by our naval commanders with an unsparing hand. But an English consul, being generally more carefully selected, and always better paid, is a totally different personage. Our surprise, then, may be well imagined when, in the person of the English consul, we were acquainted with a ragged, dirty old man, with a long grizzly beard, and looking not unlike an old clothesman. He was habited in a Greek costume; his feet disdained the vulgar encumbrances of shoes or stockings, and he carried with a very consular air a dozen fowls in one hand and a basket of egg' in the other. His name was Il Signor C——, of Venetian descent, and he had been born and brought up on the Island: he spoke Greek, Turkish, and a most appalling jargon which passed for Italian; it need scarcely be added, that of English he was most profoundly ignorant. I inquired of him what were the usual occupations of the inhabitants. "Making wine," was the reply. "But that only occupies two months; what do you do during the remaining ten months of the year?" "Aspettano, signor! they wait, sir."

A TURKISH BOY.

In one of the wild mountain paths we suddenly fell in with a Turkish youth, about 16 years old, mounted on a spirited Arabian, and pouring forth a song with all the light heartedness of a school-boy. Upon seeing us, his hand was instantly upon his dagger; but after a moment's pause, he approached threw himself from his horse, and addressed us with all the ease and self possession of a well bred man. His face was extremely prepossessing; and altho' his legs were bare, and from exposure tanned yellow, yet the almost feminine delicacy of his complexion and the richness of his dress induced us to suppose he was the son of some man of consideration in the vicinity. His curiosity was much excited when he learned that we were Americans; and his questions evinced more judgment than could have been expected from one of his age. Who was our padir shah? what was our religion? what use did we make of all the opium we carried away from Turkey? and a number of other questions were uttered with the volubility of a Greek, rather than with the stupid apathy which we are accustomed to consider as characteristic of the Turk. We parted with many expressions of good will on our side, which he returned with the most graceful gestures and acknowledgments.

A TURKISH EATING HOUSE.

Upon our return we were induced by curiosity to enter a Turkish eating house. The chief article of food is pilaff, or boiled rice and mutton, which is much finer flavored than any I ever tasted in America. Ascending a high platform, we crossed our legs with becoming gravity, and had the pleasure of seeing our dinner cooked before our eyes. The mutton is cut up into small pieces of the size of a quarter of a dollar. A spit, not much larger than a darning needle, is thrust threw a dozen of these bits; and when the required number is prepared, the spits are placed over a large tinned plate of copper; melted grease, with finely chopped herbs, is poured over the cake, and the miniature mutton chops, or *kebands*, are wriped off upon the copper; over the whole is poured a quantity of sour milk; and the dish is then prepared for eating. It was placed upon a small stool, about six inches high, before us; and as knives or forks were, of course, out of the question, we ate with our fingers, after the fashion of the ancient Romans. We found the kebaub to be a most savory dish; and, notwithstanding the absence of forks, we contrived to make a hearty meal. Water was afterwards presented, with towels and soap, to wash our hands and beards, and a large goblet of clear iced water concluded the repast.

HONESTY OF THE TURKS.

Returning home thevening at a late hour, I observed many persons asleep on mats, in the open air, before their respective shops, which were lit up, and apparently ready to receive customers. This affords a pleasing evidence on the good faith and honesty of the people. I have noticed a similar circumstance in the bazaars and shops of the metropolis. In these places during the day, if the shopman wishes to step out, or to indulge in a nap, he ties a string across the door, or throws a cloth over a few articles near the street, and this signifies that the shop is shut, a hint which is universally understood and respected. If you purchase an article, the seller of course endeavors to obtain the highest price; but the Turkish dealer shows much more conscience than his Jewish or Christian neighbors. When a piece of money is put into his hands to change, he returns the whole amount, and leaves it to the purchaser to deduct the price of the article. When it is recollected that the money of this empire is counterfeited to a great extent, the honesty of this procedure is apparent; he not only confides in your good faith, but exhibits his own in no small degree.

THE SULTAN.

During the warm months he resides at different times in the various palaces which are situated on the Bosphorus, and frequently spends his evenings in aquatic excursions like the one we have just noticed. His habits are described as of the simplest kind, and his amusements consist chiefly in riding, fishing, and exercising with the bow. He is said to be the most graceful and fearless rider in his dominions—an accomplishment which may fairly be weighed against those of some of his brother potentates, who are at the head of all the civilization of Europe; one of whom has been known to kill a wild boar, when securely tied up, at the distance of twenty paces,—and the chief merit of another, as awarded to him by his subjects, consisted in making the most perfectly graceful bow of any man in his kingdom.

Like all his subjects, the sultan is extremely temperate in eating, and his establishment is far from being on that expensive and magnificent scale which we are accustomed to attribute to oriental courts. I have been assured by an officer of his household, that the expenses of his table rarely exceed ten pastres, or about fifty cents, a day; and from various anecdotes which I have elsewhere heard, I should not be disposed to believe that his annual expenses exceed those of the President of the United States.

TOMBSTONES.

There is one little circumstance connected with these tombstones which displays an amiable trait of character. On the upper corner of each stone are two small cavities, which are usually filled with water. The intention of this is to supply a drink to the thirsty birds, and indeed to invite them to take up their residence in the neighbourhood, and by their song to give additional cheerfulness to the spot. It is not, however, exclusively an Armenian practice, for the Turks and other orientals have the same custom.

TURKISH BUILDINGS.

We now entered upon what will long be recollected as the great conflagration of Pera. Houses were running up in all directions, the ashes and embers were shovelled away from the streets, the sound of the hammer and saw was continually heard, droves of asses laden with tiles were lumbering the streets, and horses were trailing along a stick of timber on each side, so admirably arranged as to trip up or fracture the legs of the unwary traveller. Hundreds of Turkish and Armenian blacksmiths might be seen among the heaps of ruins, seated on the ground with an extempore anvil before them, and straightening the old nails and other iron fastenings for the new buildings. As fast as the carpenter completed his work, the painter followed him up with a brush, and in this way houses were completed with a celerity which would have outvalled even that of a New-York job-builder.—We should consider, however, what a Turkish house really is, before we give way to astonishment at the quickness with which they are constructed. In the first place, they are entirely of wood, and have no fireplaces or chimneys. The frame is of the smallest possible size; the clapboards are of such thin stuff that they are fastened with tenpenny nails, and the floors of rough broad planks, laid down without the least attention being paid to their joining together. These seams are frequently so wide that an acquaintance informed me that he once dropped his walking-cane or umbrella through one of them, while on a visit to a Periot nobleman; and as he could not request the floor to be taken up for such a trifle, he was obliged to put up with its loss. Of course, the numerous stories related of children being lost through these seams are to be treated as pleasant exaggerations: for whenever they become wide enough to allow of such an accident, small slips of wood are introduced to fill up the seams.

THE PLAGUE.

To-day, however, we have undoubted evidence of the existence of the plague. A house next to us is shut up, and the Franks who are obliged to pass it cross over cautiously to the other side of the street. Two persons have already died, and three others are said to be at the point of death. An Armenian physician, who is known here under the name of the plague doctor, and is in the service of government, has made an official visit, and his declaration that it is plague in its worst form, leaves no room for scepticism. From my window, this day, I noticed a man in the street struggling between two others who were endeavoring to drag him along. In this they were assisted by a Turkish officer of police, who quickened his pace by the occasional application of a horsewhip over his head and shoulders. It was one of the persons who had been employed in burying the plague corpses; and in consequence of his services on that occasion, they were thus unceremoniously thrusting him out of the village. This reminds me of a similar circumstance which occurred at Kadikeui, when the plague broke out there a few weeks ago. The persons attacked were forcibly removed out of the village into the adjoining fields, the house was carefully fumigated and drenched with water, and all the contagious or infectible articles of furniture or dress were destroyed by fire. When this operation had been performed, the persons employed in it were driven pell-mell into the sea, and there compelled to remain until it was supposed that they were sufficiently purified.

A DRINK.

Before parting, let me attempt to convey an idea of their appearance, in order that the reader may, in reading the Arabian Nights, figure to himself that delightful giant, or American Eastern device, Imagine, then, a stout-looking heathen, without a vestige of linen about him, a coarse woollen robe envelopes his whole body, his feet and legs bare, his face almost concealed by a filthy, matted beard, and a high conical cap without a brim, completes the picture of the external man. To this must be added the most brutal ignorance, the grossest superstition, and a life often stained with the foulest vices.

This is only the description of a single species, but it may serve to indentify the whole family. If you meet a martial vagabond wrapped up in a leopard's skin, swinging a box suspended before him by chains, another with a large club thickly studded with spikes, another with a box of vipers, or a fourth screaming aloud to the detriment of his own throat and of all the ears in his neighborhood, you may safely set them down as dervises. They are in fact all jugglers of different degrees, some dealing in tricks of legerdemain, while others impose upon the ignorant by sanctimonious grimaces and loudly-repeated prayers in the streets and mark places. The well educated Turks consider and treat them as regular rogues; but their influence among the poorer classes is considerable, although it has diminished greatly of late years. They formerly possessed great power, and rendered themselves formidable even to the throne. The present sultan has taken them in hand, and by dint of strangling some scores and exiling a few hundreds, the remainder, hating their idleness and rogtery, are as submissive and orderly as any class of subjects in his dominions. There was formerly a sect called the howling dervises, whose peculiar worship consisted in yelling and screaming like so many incarnate devils. They are usually visited by strangers, and most books of travels in these countries are embellished with an account of their odd practices. I inquired after them from our worthy friends of the Giant's grave, but the only answer was an expressive shrug. They might, as we afterward learned, have been permitted to howl to the present day, had they not undertaken to meddle with the acts of the government.

DEATH OF KEAN.

Kean is dead! that great master of the passions is gone forever; nor do we know of any one on whom his mantle can justly descend. His talents as an actor were unapproached,—his genius stood alone. With more good acts to be recorded of him than would have canonized a prudent man, his heedlessness of the world's opinion, gave to the envious a power over his name, too agreeable to their malignant natures not to be made the most of.

And this truly great Actor—once courted by the proudest in his country,—and who never had any appeal made to him in vain,—was left to die with none around him of his "many friends," but his surgeon and his secretary. It would be trite and tedious to speak of the neglect of Genius in decay, but where was his son?—acting a play! The chamber of his dying parent would have been more befitting his character of son, and as there was nothing sudden in his death, he cannot be accused on the score of surprise. Poor Kean! the latter half of his life was a blaze of popularity and excitement too potent for his nature, and he sunk beneat it. "We could have better spared a better man."

Boston, May 16.—Mr. Kean, the celebrated tragedian, expired yesterday morning, at 20 minutes past 9 o'clock, at his house in Richmond. He was attended by Mr. Douchez, his surgeon, and Mr. Lee his Secretary. The admirers of histrionic talent will recognize in this event, the loss of one of its highest ornaments. His powerful energy, his deep pathos, will not be easily forgotten, by the generation that witnessed their display. The throbbing of the public heart has borne testimony upon many occasions to his command over the passions, which perhaps no man ever possessed in a more conspicuous degree than the great actor who is now no more. Poor Kean had his weaknesses and his errors, but a generous and kind nature formed the basis of his character, and palliated, if it did not compensate, for imperfections which he shared with less estimable men.

Interment of Mr. Kean.—The following members of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund—viz., Messrs. Harley (Master,) Hughes (Secretary,) Bedford, G. Smith, Honnor, Younge, Thompson, S. Penley, Cooper, T. Cooke, James Vining, Fitzwilliam, Howell, and Webster, assembled on Tuesday at Drury-lane Theatre, for the purpose of receiving, through the medium of the master, the report of the committee and notice relative to the arrangements made for the funeral of Mr. Kean, which is appointed to take place on Saturday at Richmond: the procession to start at 3 o'clock.—The pall will be borne by Mr. Macready, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Farren, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and probably Mr. Charles Young. The mourners, who immediately follow the body will consist of the medical gentlemen who attended Mr. Kean, and a few personal friends. The inhabitants of Richmond have come forward in bodies for the purpose of testifying their respect to the deceased, by entering into a subscription to raise a monument to his memory, and making every possible preparation calculated to give effect and solemnity to the scene on Saturday. The coffin containing the body of Mr. Kean, is made of old English oak, polished, with brass plate and handles, presenting a neat and substantial appearance. On the plate is engraved the following brief but modest inscription:—"Edmund Kean, died the 15th of May, 1833, aged 45."—*Morning Chronicle.*

For the Traveller and Times.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is my chin on a cold day like a lady's stippet? Because it's a *chin-chilly*.

Why is the sight like a motion carried in the affirmative?

Because the *eyes* have it.

When is a running horse not a horse?

When he's *wheed*.

What is the difference between mustard and a popular actor?

One brings *tears* into the *eyes*, and the other *eyes* into the *tears*.

Why should a man never buy a shilling's worth of perfume at a time?

Because its giving a shilling for *ascent*.

What is the difference between a new idea and an old friend?

The one's a met-a-phor,—the other met-*he*-fore.

CLEARING IT.

A fat gentleman, relating in company an accident he had met with through the carlessness of his servant in driving, said that the chaise was upset, and he was thrown into a ditch—"ah hah," said one of the company, "I knew you would clear it"—"Clear it! the d—l I did; I say I was flung into it"—"To be sure you were; and when you was flung *into* it, every thing else flew *out* of it."

CROSS READINGS.

WEDDING EXTRAORDINARY.

Married at Cherry Grove, N. J. on Tuesday last, Robt. H. Bell to an extremely beautiful young tyrgess just received from Bengal—It is thought the poor young gentleman's head and shoulders will soon follow his heart—as the change of climate has greatly improved the young lady's appetite.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Just published by B. Murray the history of all the most distinguished—pickled herring that have been cured in Scotland these 20 years.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.

The post offices, city hall, and other public buildings—were lately sold at the Hammer for two shillings a piece—The city will be much improved by the removal of such useless rubbish.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

Last night the mate of the Rolla fell from a yard-arm into—a bottle of spruce beer that was standing on the table—In spite of all our efforts, the poor fellow was born to ashes.

CURIOUS EXHIBITION.

The Kings of England, France, Holland, and Belgium—besides other wonderful productions of art and nature—are now exhibiting at the menagerie in Chatham street, admittance 12 cents.

COOKING BY STEAM

The weather was so uppressively warm on yesterday, that—a gentleman who was standing by himself on the Exchange steps—was roasted through and through in 5 minutes, and served up for supper.

HEALTHY FOOD.

We then sat down to dine on a superb dish of fried—trapping hooks, they were highly recommended for home consumption—as being very efficacious in cutting the phleghm, and assisting the digestion.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.

We are sorry to hear that the celebrated statue of Jupiter Ammon—was lately taken with a very violent pain in the stomach—His shocks, at the time were sufficient to pierce through a heart of stone.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK ARMOUR.

AN HEROIC POEM.

A christian knight,
Rode forth to the fight,
The Saracen foe to *force* back:
And he looked as his bright
Armour glanced in the light,
Like a sunbeam riding on horseback.

His steed white as foam
So his armour and plume,
For all were milk white together;
But he wasn't milk-hearted,
Altho' he still sported
And showed to the foe—a *white feather*.

"A good soldier," he said,
"Should join the crusade,
"For the *cross and* the soldiers in *sea* fights;
"And this holy land war
"Much needs a good tar,
"To *pitch* all the tents of us *Me* knights.

"I'll soon join those brave boys,
"Who will fight when they *roar*,
"Up in arms, aye and legs, to their middles;
"In their war shouting din,
"See how I'll fiddle in,
"And tune up these cured In*fid*-dels.

"If I meet the Saracen chief in strife
"I'll cut up a mighty shine:
"I'd *dose* on *salad*, all my life,
"To fight with Sala-dine!"

A stranger knight now towards him stalked
In armour black as a coal,
And vowed as a pilgrim thus he walked
On foot, for the *ease* of his *soul*.

"And where art thou going Sir sable knight?"
"To the holy land!" said he:
"Against the Saracen dogs to fight,
"For the holy sepul-*chre*!"

Then the black knight layed him down to snore
And pass away the night;
And the white knight thought he no'er before,
Beheld so black a wight.

Then the white knight tried,
To rest on his side,
He was too brave to turn his back:
But the sable knight, vowed,
Groaned, and snored so loud
That the white knight began to look black.

But he calmly laid
Him down in the shade,
To slumber until it was light;
But when he awoke
The day light had broke,
But, gad-zooks! he'd lost the dark knight.

He marvel'd to mark
He'd gone off in the dark:
Then in quest of his steed he *strode* on;
Strange, it met not his sight
For the much stranger knight,
Had *walked off* the horse he rode on.

"And art thou gone, my milk white steed,
"And art thou gone!" said he,
"Oh! woe, I cry, on him indeed,
"That won't cry—*neah!*—to thee!"

"That black knight had a blacker heart
"Than those sa-bles he wore:
"And I might guess *more harm* would start,
"From 'neath his black ar-mour!

"But we may meet,—and then—odd-sluts!—
"I'll change hard words to blows!
"And if he badly knows his cuts
"I surely cuts his nose."

"Ah lack-a-day! but yesterday,
"Across my steed I strade:
"And rode along this walk, but now,
"Must walk along this road!"

Then quick he tried the black to mea;
And use what he had got:
Like Generals when they retreat,
To save both horse and foot!"

For the Traveller and Times.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A good deal of uneasiness was created throughout the city on Monday, by the report that Mr. Washington Irving had met with a serious accident, of which the American gave the following account: In driving a one horse wagon down a steep and rocky hill in West Chester, the horse became alarmed, ran away, and overturning the waggon, threw Mr. Irving, and a nephew who was with him, among the rocks. They were both stunned, so as to lie for some time unconscious. The nephew recovered first, and found his uncle lying beside him senseless. After some time, he succeeded in arousing Mr. I. who was then, with the assistance of a chance passer by, conveyed to a neighboring house and bled; and thence to his nephew's house in Tarrytown, we are happy to state that Mr Irving has nearly recovered from the effects of this unpleasant casualty.

PHILADELPHIA vs. NEW-YORK.

The Pennsylvanian of Tuesday has a long and lively article upon the comparative merits of the two cities; we expected something of the kind, for we encountered the editor two or three times last week, peeping about, and refreshing his soul with a look at our gallant old city, and we know by experience how a few days in Wall-street brighten him up. He says they can compare notes with us any day in the week; that they are increasing as rapidly—living as comfortably, and to crown all, that it is not near so difficult to save one's soul there as here—all that may be, and we are glad of it; but there's a black drop in their cup—the poor fellows can't raise a respectable oyster—*no bait*" without sending to us for it!

AN EXCUSE.

The master of a West Indiaman was in the habit of taking out small 'ventures' for his good neighbors and making returns in coffee. The coffee happened, one time, to fall short, when some explanation was requested. "Why, to tell you the truth," said the captain, "they weigh coffee out there with a negro, reckoning him at so many pounds weight. But he, poor fellow, the last time I was there, had pined all away, and I thought whether or no your coffee would hold out."

THE DAVID BROWN.

We observed in the Commercial of the 29th ult. a pretty poetical notice of the Charleston Packet the David Brown. Want of space prevents us from inserting the article referred to, but we can bear testimony that it is well deserved. The "David Brown" is now enjoying a very flattering share of public patronage, and is still progressing in favor not more on account of her own superior merits as a steamboat, which are fully established, than for the courteous and gentlemanly conduct of her commander Capt. Pennoyer.

RIDE AND TIE.

A Jack-tar having hired a nag rather groggy in her fore-legs, was much annoyed to find himself thrown over her head every now and then. At last he resolved upon putting her into better sailing trim, and dismounting, filled his handkerchief with stones which he tied to the mare's tail, adressing to a farmer who stood by, wondering what he was about, "She wont pitch *ahead* so much now, with all that are ballast astern."

TRUTH—EVERY WORD TRUTH.

A recent traveller in Egypt says that he frequently saw alligators swimming in the Nile, with water cresses growing on their backs! This beats the Sea Serpent.

TALK ABOUT TOWN

AND OTHER MATTERS OF CONSEQUANCE.

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For one rebellious halt,
Was changed as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of salt.
The same propensity for change
Still runs in female blood;
For here we find a case as strange—
A maiden turned to Mudd.

A SERENADE.

The greatest annoyance to be met with in the city at present, is from a set of the most unmusical scoundrels in the world, who are constantly prowling about, vexing the dull ear of night with some of the most discordant sounds imaginable. A pair of these Apollos were eternally infesting Pine street, between Nassau and Broadway—the one a thin, long, ugly, hanging-bone looking fellow, shaped like the ghost of a grenadier, or a pair of compasses, with this exception, that instead of coming down to a point, his narrow bones, (it would be a libel on legs to call them such) terminated in the very *middle* of a pair of the most ungainly flounder-fashioned feet in the world. His Tenor, (the long one sang bass, *basely*,) was a short, thick, brandy-faced, comfortable looking fellow, with light curly hair, which gave him when his hat was off, no very distant resemblance to a little red nosed round about Toby Philpot jug, smiling under the weight of a foaming pot of porter. He, of the compass legs, grunted most woefully to a cracked guitar—The effigy of the pot of porter, squealed charmingly out of tune, to some newly invented *harmonica* about a thousand degrees more hideous than the hurdy-gurdy of an Italian mendicant. This fact we were an eye witness to on a moonlight night, some three weeks ago, for previously, we had always put them down as a brace of Calathumpian boys, waking strains that might touch the heart of a very paving stone from a couple of supernatural tin kettles. It was about midnight on the night in question, when up rose the hullabaloo, and out popt our head from the dormant, to know what the deuce it was all about; and there to be sure we discovered the pair of *nonsescripts* as above described, belabouring at the instruments, ditto ditto. And to mend the matter, they were at the time assisted in their efforts by the company of some half score out lawed town dogs, who, no doubt, proud of any opportunity of disturbing the public peace, had thronged around and were lustily engaged in choring in with the chorus. At first we thought they were endeavoring to accomplish "Moll in the Wad!" but by the words that followed, after a very *brilliant* symphony, we discovered they were trying at nothing less than "The Barbarous One!" on an F sharp. For her the y had not long to "languish," as the song says, for while they were shaking a note in the second verse, an opposite window was gently raised, not only by the dark eyed one, but by the dark faced one here off, in propria persona, and the next moment—was it the sweep of a mountain cataract? No! but something equally appalling, rushed headlong through the night air—a stifled gush of the most lamentable sounds, commingled with the expiring sobs of the astonished instruments, rose upon the stunning breeze, and then all was silent: Yes the "Musicaners" had vanished! but how! aye there's the mystery! Some say that they made the le ap out of their beds—others that they were carried away in the flood—and more again are of opinion, that one of the gods, taking pity on their forlorn situation, dissolved them into the "spirits of some low lyricism," and enshrined them in a mountain. As for ourselves, not being very conversant in these matters, we will not pretend to decide which of the repo rts is true, but it is with much heart-felt satisfaction, that we assure our friends and the public, that the whole fraternity of the sons of song, have made themselves wonderfully scarce in Pine street ever since the night of the shower bath.

We recommend similar means in cases of a like emergency.

STITCHES

A Boston paper winds up a violent puff upon somebody's stocks (not bank stocks, but stocks in the stock) by saying that there are in each of them 10,896 stitches—wonder who counted them!

MR. COOPER.

There seems to be some fatality in the name of Cooper; it cannot be kept out of the newspapers. First we had Dr. Cooper of South Carolina, and Nullification, and he made more enemies for a dozen while he lasted. Then the dramatic veteran was taken up—not gentle reader by the constable, but by the editors, and we are happy to say, to good purpose; his benefit, or rather the performances for the benefit of his children produced a respectable sum, which we should be glad to see doubled by the proceeds of another night here. Mr James Fenimore Cooper followed next, and a precious tempest in a tea pot has been kicked up about him. We have as yet taken no part in the controversy, but we have read most of the articles elicited on the occasion, and among others, Mr. Cooper's own letter from Paris, and really it does seem that there has been a vast deal of "slang whanging" about nothing. The upshot of the battle appears to be this: Mr. Cooper when he commenced his career of authorship, wrote three magnificent novels, The Spy, The Pilot, and The Pioneers: success made him indolent and careless, and then he wrote three indifferent novels, Lionel Lincoln, The Red Rover, and The Water Witch, in each of which there were it is true brilliant passages, worthy of his talents and fame, but which on the whole did not give satisfaction; then Mr. Cooper, thinking himself the first novelist in the world, let took himself to the manufacture of romances, turning them out we should suppose at the rate of about fifty pages per day—easy writing but particularly difficult reading—and so the world thought, and quietly suffered the Bravo and the Heidenmauer to sink into merited oblivion. In the mean time, some of those meddlesome rascals, the critics, ventured to take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Cooper that his latest works were not exactly what they should be, and that he must write with more care if he wished to maintain his reputation. Hereupon Mr. Cooper flies into a passion; swears that all Europe has entered into a league against him, and that the Holy Alliance and Louis Phillippe are conspiring with John Bull to crush him and his writings in one common ruin. One would really imagine that all the monarchs, prime ministers, counsellors of state and government agents on the continent, from Metternich downwards, had nothing better to do than hatch plots against the fame, happiness and even existence of James Fenimore Cooper, Esquire. Somebody wrote and published in the New York Annuals a review of the Bravo: certainly not a favorable review, but we must confess that we cannot find in it any thing so dreadfully savage as to justify all the pudder that has been made about it. Now what does Mr. Cooper? Why, talk of the reviewer and write about the review to every creature that comes within reach of him; magnifies this newspaper article into an affair of state; tells all the world that it was written in Paris, for the express purpose of injuring him in his native country; insinuates that the government is at the bottom of this nefarious transaction; and in short bounces and worries, and cuffs as go mentrons a dust as though they were cutting his head off—and for what does Mr. Cooper suppose all this fuss made about him? Why because he wrote the Bravo: a dull novel that nobody can read twice, nor once either if it were not for the hope of finding something good in it—something worthy of Mr. Cooper—before reaching the last page! This is the thorn in the side of legitimates; more terrible to Louis Phillippe than all the plots of the Carlists; more appalling to Nicholas than a dozen insurrections in Poland!!

It is not by such absurdities that reputation is to be sustained; if the review of the American was unjust, it will fall to the ground of itself, without all this outcry; if it was fair and impartial, (and we have not seen or heard a single word to the contrary) Mr. Cooper would do better to improve by the suggestions of his critic, and write with more care, than seek to browbeat or intimidate honest censors by branding them with the opprobrious names of hirelings, aristocrats and calumniators. We admire Mr. Cooper's talents as much as any man: we rejoice in his prosperity, and are proud of his fame; but our admiration cannot blind us to his faults, or recondite us to his absurdities. His earliest novels we consider among the very first of American productions; the Bravo and the Heidenmauer we rank with the very last; and we sincerely hope that he will hereafter employ himself more wisely and profitably than in writing bad books and then raising heaven and earth because people will not bestow upon them the same high praise that was justly awarded to his first and successful efforts.

Offended Dignity.—Can any one inform us the modern title of a Waiter? Can any one help us to a high-sounding, proprietary word, that will soothe, not irritate the proli-son, and procure attendance in a Tavern, without offending its offical Dignitaries? A few evenings since in a Tavern in the Bowery, two unmutated strangers who knew not that it is sometimes an insult "to call a spade, a spade," said to the individual as he passed, "Waiter,—two cups of Coffee!" The matter and the manner seemed

K ARMOUR

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A maiden turned to Mudd.

A SERENADE.

The greatest annoyance to be met with in the city at present, is from a set of the most unmusical scoundrels in the world, who are constantly prowling about, vexing the dull ear of night with some of the most discordant sounds imaginable. A pair of these Apollos were eternally infesting Pine street, between Nassau and Broadway—the one a thin, long, ugly, hanging-bone looking fellow, shaped like the ghost of a grenadier, or a pair of compasses, with this exception, that instead of coming down to a point, his narrow bones, (it would be a libel on legs to call them such) terminated in the very *middle* of a pair of the most ungainly, blunder-fashioned feet in the world. His Tenor, (the long one sang bass, *basily*,) was a short, thick, brandy-faced, comfortable looking fellow, with light curly hair, which gave him when his hat was off, no very distant resemblance to a little red nosed round about Toby Philpot jug, smiling under the weight of a foaming pot of porter. He, of the compass legs, grunted most woefully to a cracked guitar—The effigy of the pot of porter, squealed charmingly out of tune, to some newly invented *harmonica* about a thousand degrees more hideous than the hurdy-gurdy on an Italian mendicant. This fact we were an eye witness to on a moonlight night, some three weeks ago, for previously, we had always put them down as a brace of Calathumpian boys, waking strains that might touch the heart of a very paving-stone from a couple of supernatural tin kettles. It was about midnight on the night in question, when up rose the lullabelers, and out popt our heads from the dormant, to know what the deuce it was all about; and there to be sure we discovered the pair of *nondescripts* as above described, belaboring at the instruments, dittodito. And to mend the matter, they were at the time assisted in their efforts by the company of some half score mut howed town dogs, who, no doubt, proud of an opportunity of disturbing the public peace, had thronged around and were busily engaged in chiming in with the chorus. At first we thought they were endeavoring to accompish "Moll in the Wad!" but by the words that followed, after a very *brilliant* symphony, we discovered they were trying at nothing less than "The Dark-eyed Dame," on an F sharp. For her the y had not long to "languish," as the song says, for while they were shaking a note in the second verse, an opposite window was gently raised, not only by the dark eyed one, but by the dark faced one here off, in propria personæ, and the next moment—Was it the sweep of a mountain cataract? No! but something equally appalling, rushed headlong through the night air—a stiffed gush of the most lamentable sounds, commingled with the expiring sobs of the astonished instruments, rose upon the morning breeze, and then all was silent. Yes the *Musicians* had vanished! but how? aye there's the mystery! Some say that they made the be st use of their heels—others that they were carried away in the blood—and more again are of opinion that one of the gods, taking pity on their barbarous ears, dissolved them into the "spirits of some lone lady echo, and enchanted them in a mountain. As for ourselves, not being very conversant in these matters, we will not pretend to decide which of the reports is true, but it is with much heart felt satisfaction we assure our friends and the public that the whole fraternity of the sons of song, have made themselves wonderfully scarce in Pine street ever since the night of the shower bath.

We recommend similar means in cases of a like emergency.

STITCHES.

A Boston paper winds up a violent puff upon somebody's stocks that bank stocks, but stocks in the neck is by saying that there are in each of them 10,800 stitches—wonder who counted them!

MR. COOPER

There seems to be some fatality in the name of Cooper; it cannot be kept out of the newspapers. First we had Dr. Cooper of South Carolina, and Nullification, and he made noise enough for a dozen while he lasted. Then the dramatic veteran was taken up—not gentle reader by the constable, but by the editors, and we are happy to say, to good purpose; his benefit, or rather the performances for the benefit of his children produced a respectable sum, which we should be glad to see doubled by the proceeds of another night here. Mr James Fennimore Cooper followed next, and a precious tempest in a tea pot has been kicked up about him. We have as yet taken no part in the controversy, but we have read most of the articles elicited on the occasion, and among others, Mr. Cooper's own letter from Paris, and really it does seem that there has been a vast deal of "slang whanging" about nothing. The upshot of the battle appears to be this; Mr. Cooper when he commenced his career of authorship, wrote three magnificent novels; The Spy, The Pilot, and The Pioneers; success made him indolent and careless, and then he wrote three indifferent novels, Lionel Lincoln, The Red Rover, and The Water Witch, in each of which there were its true brilliant passages, worthy of his talents and fame, but which on the whole did not give satisfaction; then Mr. Cooper, thinking himself the first novelist in the world, betook himself to the manufacture of romances, burning them out we should suppose at the rate of about fifty pages per day; easy writing but particularly difficult reading—and so the world thought, and quietly suffered the Bravo and the Heidenmauer to sink into merited oblivion. In the mean time, some of those middle-some rascals, the critics, ventured to take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Cooper that his latest works were not exactly what they should be, and that he must write with more care if he wished to maintain his reputation. Hereupon Mr. Cooper flies into a passion; swears that all Europe has entered into a league against him, and that the Holy Alliance and Louis Philippe are conspiring with John Bull to crush him and his writings in one common ruin. One would really imagine that all the monarchs, prime ministers, counsellors of state and government agents on the continent, from Metternich downwards, had nothing better to do than hatch plots against the fame, happiness and even existence of James Fennimore Cooper, Esquire. Somebody wrote and published in the New York American a review of the Bravo; certainly not a favorable review, but we must confess that we cannot find in it any thing so dreadfully savage as to justify all the puffer that has been made about it. Now what does Mr Cooper? Why, talk of the review and write about the review to every creature that comes within reach of him; magnify this newspaper article into an affair of state; tells all the world that it was written in Paris, for the express purpose of injuring him in his native country, insinuates that the government is at the bottom of this nefarious transaction; and in short bounces and worries, and kicks up as monstrous a dust as though they were cutting his head off—and for what does Mr. Cooper suppose all this fuss made about him? Why because he wrote the Bravo! a dull novel that nobody can read twice, nor once either if it were not for the hope of finding something good in it—something worthy of Mr. Cooper—before reaching the last page! This is the thorn in the side of legislators; more terrible to Louis Philippe than all the plots of the Carlists; more appalling to Nicholas than a dozen insurrections in Poland!!

It is not by such absurdities that reputation is to be sustained; if the review of the American was unjust, it will fall to the ground of itself, without all this outcry; if it was fair and impartial, (and we have not seen or heard a single word to the contrary) Mr. Cooper would do better to improve by the suggestions of his critic, and write with more care, than seek to browbeat or intimidate honest censors by branding them with the opprobrious names of hirelings, aristocrats and calumniators. We admire Mr. Cooper's talents as much as any man; we rejoice in his prosperity, and are proud of his fame; but our admiration cannot blind us to his faults, or reconcile us to his absurdities. His earliest novels we consider among the very first of American productions; the Bravo and the Heidenmauer we rank with the very last; and we sincerely hope that he will hereafter employ himself more wisely and profitably than in writing bad books and then raising heaven and earth because people will not bestow upon them the same high praise that was justly awarded to his first and successful efforts.

Offended Dignity.—Can any one inform us the modern title of a Waiter? Can any one help us to a high-sounding, proprietary word, that will soothe, not irritate the profession, and procure attendance in a Tavern, without offending its official Dignitaries? A few evenings since in a Tavern in the Bowery, two unmatated strangers who knew not that it is sometimes an insult "to call a spade a spade," said to the individual as he passed, "Waiter,—two cups of Coffee!" The matter and the manner seemed gentle enough to all but the party addressed,—who most indignantly replied, "Who the —— do you call Waiter? I am no more a Waiter than yourself!"—a fact which soon became susceptible of proof, as they had both to be *waiters* for their sober drink until the Boss of the House could bring it himself!

NEW BOOKS

The Wings of Scotland—J. & J. Harper.

Another Historical novel, illustrating the principles, struggles and sufferings of the Covenanters during the "Killing Days" of Dalzel and Claverhouse—written as we have heard by the Rev. Dr. Brownlee of this city; the description of the persecuted Whigs given in these volumes is much more favorable and we suspect more accurate than Sir Walter Scott's in old mortality, and brings forward more of the good points in their character. The story is interesting and well told, and many of the characters are touched off with considerable power, both of pathos and humor.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for July.—We have had time only to read the first article, which purports to be a conversation between the Editor and the illustrious Diedrich. It is rather dull, but abounds with fine promises. It will be seen that the old fashioned way of spelling Knickerbocker with an O is discarded.

A CONVERSATION IN THE BACK WOODS

Whose map did you use? Muggs. What is the land? Bogs. The atmosphere? Fogs. What do you live on? Hogs. What are the houses built of? Logs. Any fish in the ponds? Frogs.

A TOUCH OF THE SUPLIME

A southern paper speaking of a brother editor, uses this singular expression:—"Such a method ought to be fastened to death with thimbles, and buried in a bandbox."

BYRON'S ENIGMA

"We have received made strength at reading the Enigma we gave last week from the pen of Lord Byron, but none came near it except one signed "Dinda," and knowing how talented the writer of riddles, we thought we had hit the right reading at last—but no! She asks if she shall try again—we answer—do, do—Dinda.

BILLS MUSEUM.

This delightful place of resort continues to attract crowded assemblies nightly. Mr Sutton the Ventriloquist continues his singular and entertaining performances, and we can in every way commend this Museum as possessing an endless variety of amusement.

The Dramatic Season has now drawn to its close,—benefits have tied nightly on the heels of each other, each Bill more stuffed and distended than its predecessor,—so that the hour of finishing has been nightly protracted, till the last very appropriately finished at, and with "one o'clock!"—or the Wood Demon!

It was an old adage in the theatrical world that an actor was allowed to make a fool of himself once in a season,—for his own benefit;—but in modern days he is not satisfied with wearing the Cap and Bells himself, but insists on each of his friends bearing one of the tassels; for the real or imagined necessity for such a variety of performances, causes every actor to moult his feathers so frequently, that character is altogether lost sight of in the labor of dressing, and Othello and Iago become undistinguishable by any other attribute than complexion. The Tragedian of former days generally kept to his sock in the Play, and contented himself, and his friends, with wearing the buskin in a Farce,—but now with very few exceptions, five acts of as many and as varied Drams are selected in preference to the same number of a well digested play, and before either the actor or the auditor can fully understand a soliloquy of Hamlet the one converts the sables of the Dane into the gray of "old Shylock" and the other listlessly enquires of his neighbour, "what is the meaning of all this?" It is charged upon the public that they will not attend a single, well acted play, but require a certain number of big lettered lows to draw them to the Theatre.—We hope and believe this opinion is erroneous,—at least we are sure, that few opportunities are afforded of testing it.

The Kembles made a bold and successful effort to reform this vitiated taste, and played to overflowing houses, the best and most entire plays in the language, without "shouping to the uses of the grades below them." Yet the Bills of the following night announced the first act of Cinderella,—the second of the White Lady, and the third of Masaniello! together with a Dance,—a Jim Crow,—and a Concert by way of linking together these incongruous anomalies. The very germs of dramatic taste are by this means rooted up, and though it may fill the present Garners, it totally destroys the hope of future harvests.

If this bad taste is really chargeable on the public we hope in the spirit of the Day, it will soon be reformed,—and that it does not attach to those who cater for the public it is reasonable to suppose since it is manifestly more to their advantage to produce with effect one entire play, than this nodeform and inexpicatate five. Augustus Schlegel, a german writer on Dramatic Literature in speaking of the Italians and their stage, says,—"From being accustomed to Operas and ballets, (their favorite dramatic amusements,) in which nothing more is attempted than a beautiful air, or an elegant movement, it would seem that the public have altogether lost all sense of dramatic connexion;—they are perfectly well satisfied with two acts from different Operas in the same evening, or with seeing the representation of the last act of an opera before the first. We do not therefore believe that we are saying too much when we affirm that both dramatic poetry and the histrionic art are in the most woful decline in Italy,—that the first foundation of a national Theatre has not been laid, and that there is no prospect of their ever having one, till the prevailing idea is undergone a total change."

The fourth of July being now over, the dramatic world, like the fashionable, and other worlds, is all on the move. The Kembles like country merchants are attending the *Springs* and *Falls* in their way to Canada,—Horn and Miss Hughes are returning from them. Mr. Arthur Keene the Vocalist has returned to this city after a long absence in the West Indies. Mr. Sinclair is about to take a singing our, and give *Concerts in concert* with Signor Coulli and his Trombone,—keeping Mr. Kyle to his flute, retaining Mr. heer Herwig and his Clarionet, and placing his *Trust* on the Harp, we have little doubt they will soon acquire the fame of the "Wandering Pipers." Mr. Richings is going to England. Mr. Barry to Boston, and Mr. Jones into private life most sincerely to our regret. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes are gone to Newport and have opened the Theatre there, with a well selected company,—and all seem as much in a moving mood as though it were a theatrical first of May.

At the Bowery the Benefits have been going on much after the fashion of their neighbors. Mr G. Jones gave a grand display of feats of arms. He is a very good fencer, and had a great muster of friends to his Benefit, who called upon him after the performances for a display of his oratory in returning them his thanks which he did, neatly and appropriately.

The Warden of Galway has been acted two or three times;—it has undergone considerable revision by Mr Phillips, the author of some successful pieces, and the catastrophe, though differing from the legend, is made effective and interesting by his new arrangement.

Signor Coffis Concert. This gentleman we learn has a concert at Niblo's Garden on Monday Evening. The Signor is certainly the very first *artiste* on his instrument that has been, or is likely to be heard,—and with the powerful assistance which he has procured from some of the best instrumental performers in the city, we have no doubt he will command a full attendance.

FRYING EGGS.

Schaffer, the dancing master, is now dead; but the memory of his waggery has survived him. He was once a boarder at the Lamb tavern, Boston, when that house was the resort of sundry gentlemen of the legislature. A party of the last had returned, one evening from one of Potter's exhibitions; and while talking over what they had seen, in presence of Schaffer, confessed that nothing puzzled them so much as frying eggs on a hot. The *modus operandi* of Potter's tricks, they thought they had detected; but this particular feat quite exceeded their apprehension. They couldn't for the life of them see through it. "Why, gentlemen," said Schaffer joining in the conversation, "I can fry eggs with ease." It really strikes me that his trick of Potter's can be imitated with all the ease imaginable. If any gentleman here will accommodate me with the loan of his hat, I will do it in a moment,—and if I do not succeed, I will forfeit a bottle. All were eager to see the performance, and every hat was held out. Schaffer took the hat of one of the most strenuous doubters, and deliberately broke into it a dozen of eggs. He then muttered over the usual incantation—presto volo, change, &c., at the same time whirling the hat pretty vigorously in order to give its contents a good stirring up—He then looked into the hat with a face full of confidence, which was instantaneously changed into a blank, stupid stare, on its being ascertained that the contents of the eggs remained without change; the hat, meanwhile, being pretty thoroughly soaked under the operation. Having gazed for some moments at the sorrful plight of the chopeau, Schaffer recovering from his apparent astonishment, at length exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say I have lost the bet. But I declare, I thought I could do it."—*Newburyport Herald.*

LIFE IN NEW YORK

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice"

Amid the whizzing, phizzing, shouting, popping and all the other paraphernalia attendant on the Fourth of July, we managed by hard scrabbling to squeeze, thump, push and pelle out way as far as the Park, in order to identify ourselves with the general excitation, and to pick up a few items for the information of our dearly beloved friends—over the hills and far away." It was truly a beautiful day,—a few soft silver clouds hung loosely around the magnificent sky, kindly to give one or two city little scraps, an opportunity of seeing what we were all about here, without the risk of being caught peeping in at the *big ladies* while the broad, red, jolly-looking sun, seemed for all the world as if he had taken upon him—it to preside as master of the ceremonies. But a truce with all poetry; we came out to make an authentic sketch of things as they are, and not to be wheedled people by a long string of absurdities and metaphors.

* * * *

Mercy on us what a multitude—all the world in Broadway, and as *many more* in the Park!

Where in the name of mystery did all the girls spring from? A novice might suppose they had just pop't out from so many millioners hand boxes, by their intermutable overlays of frills, flounces, tuckers, and furbelows. How proud their old Grand mamma, Eve, would be, if she lived till this time a day, to see herself so nobly represented by such a brilliant galaxy of her loveliest daughters; and yet, no doubt the poor old lady would feel a little mortified, and jealous too, at finding that the most simple among them would be able to give her some useful lessons in trimming a cap.

Digressing again—beg pardon—but these ladies, not them, have been known on occasions, to lead wiser men than even us or you from the right road. However, we now mean to be as graphic as possible, and present you with a complete looking-glass of the city of New York on the Fourth of July.

Alas it won't do! here we have been rubbing at our temples this half hour for a new idea—but (and alark that we should say it) *all is empty.* We are completely unequal to the performance of the task, for our description to the thing described, after every effort, would only stand in about the same proportion as a basin of salt water to the wide Atlantic. This simile, you may rely upon it, is not an idea too far fetched, and so sir, to get out of the scrape as well as we can, we will make bold to trust a little to your own creative imagination; which, for the glory of our noble city, we hope is formed on the model of a Herschel Telescope.

Suppose then, every man, woman, and child pig, dog, horse, and donkey of New York, with whatever else your fancy can lay hold of at the moment, collected into one vast reservoir, and all in, or almost in, a state of *combustion.* This done, you will have embodied a tolerably good notion of what our city looked like on the present occasion; for there we were, packed together as thick as sacks in a mill, and each, apparently waiting the signal to take fire and blow up like a sky rocket.

Such a round of hooting, and shouting, running, and gunning, brigading, and cannonading, singing, and ringing, &c. &c. was never before heard, seen, or dreamt of. Turn where you would, you saw crackers flying, children crying, boys barking, dogs barking, helmets gleaming, colors streaming, bells a janging, beldame wrangling, pigs a squealing, tapers reeking, fiddlers playing, asses braying, dancers jigging, thieves a prigging, and ten thousand other interesting little items, each pleasant enough individually, but taken as a collective mass, they formed an assemblage, and a discord that was sufficient to deafen and dazzle the very —— mum.

* * * *

Borne away amid this whirl of tumult, it may be presumed, we had very little opportunity in particularize the events of the day; but now, and then, as the smoke, and dust, and dirt, and fifty other things would clear away for a moment or two, a number of singular little circumstances, came within the horizon of our observation, and thinking that they might be interesting to our readers, we select from our memories a few of the most interesting: taking our editorial honors for the truth of every one of them.

A very fascinating young lady had just stept up to the door of a tent, and called for, so we thought, an ice cream, though an impudent scoundrel at our elbow would have us believe, it was a brandy sling, when, most horrible to relate, a bottle of ginger beer from an opposite table exploded, and blew her head off!—Such at least was our first impression, but all good angels be thanked it was only her bonnet, which was instantly carried up in the eye of the wind, and borne at the rate of ten miles an hour in the direction of Sandy Hook. Several other accidents occurred, terminating in the same way, with the exception of one; when the head dress of an old lady coming in contact with a fire ball in the mid way heaven, went off with the report of a nine pounder. We were all wonder-struck at this extraordinary phenomenon, but our astonishment gradually evaporated, as it began to be rumored about, that the aforesaid old lady was occasionally in the habit of carrying a flask of "Hollands," in the crown of her bonnet.

In another direction of the field we si served a very sentimental looking fashionable young gentleman, *almost* enveloped in a huge pair of bushy black whiskers, who was endeavoring by every means in his power, to save his most expletive exterior from the contaminating influence of the fire and brimstone mobility. While thus engaged, a little black urchin approached him from behind and leveling a huge paper petararo at his right ear, applied the match. For a moment we saw no more as the unfortunate gentleman was immediately wrapped in a wreath of smoke; but when it had evaporated—there we beheld him, dark and staff as the humble of a sweeping brush—and his right cheek as bare and as polished as the back of a scalded pig (perhaps hair dressers may take a hint from this fact, and improve on their present tedious method of shaving.)

Since writing the above, we learn that the unfortunate gentleman shortly after, recovered from the shock; not however without undergoing a fresh mortification which upholds the truth of the old adage that trouble seldom comes singly; for the *modus operandi* that hailed his return from the *land of Noil*, was so violent, that it absolutely *burst his corset.*

Fearing that alike attempt might be made, ourselves, we now prepared to return, but on crossing Barclay street, a host of mischevious little imps caught our attention as they were busily engaged spreading a train on the pavement. Bye and bye a jovial old woman came up, and took her station on the final spot. We rushed forward to snatch her from destruction—but alas! it was too late—the signal was given—the train was fired—and away went the old woman, at least we plainly saw the skirt of her petticoat flying over the house tops, and it is stated on the most responsible authority in one of the morning papers, that the unfortunate lady has never been heard from since.

After this upsetting spectacle we were determined to see no more, and so with the assistance of good animal courage, and hard heads we contrived to but our way home, half dead with the thumps and bruises we had received in honor of the day, but truly exulting in the cause of them

P. S. The Gentleman who took an umbrella from a office on Wednesday is requested to return the same immediately, otherwise his name will be made public.

C. C. C.

CHILDREN OF THE AGED

The following extraordinary collection of children born of aged Parents appeared in some late Law proceedings in England.

The Vice Chancellor has been occupied for several days in hearing the arguments in the case of Andrews and wife vs. Lord Beauchamp. Sir L. Sugden and the suit was instituted by Mr Andrews and his wife against Lord Beauchamp and the representatives of the late Lady Andover, to establish their claim to a final share of the sum of £200,000, as the personal representative of a gentleman named Humphrey Jennings, who died in year 1826, at a very advanced age. Mr. Humphrey Jennings was a great ironmaster residing at Birmingham, and is supposed to have established the immediate in that town. All his real property was disposed of by his own will, but with respect to personal property he died intestate. The question in the case was whether Mr. Jennings had eleven children, or ten only. The plaintiff's object was to demonstrate that Mr. H. Jennings had a daughter named Elizabeth—In the register of baptisms the names of all the ten children were to be found, and the additional entry of a child named Elizabeth, after an interval of three years. The evidence showed that Elizabeth eloped from her father's house at Lyndon, with a Mr Reeves, with whom she lived for 20 years at Grove Park, Worchester. She afterwards returned to Birmingham and married one Jeremiah Smith, and at the age of 52 years became the mother of a daughter. This daughter, who was named Mary, presented her husband with two children, one when she had reached the age of 54 and the other at 57. One child, named Phœbe, died without issue, the other, Susannah, was the person from whom the plaintiffs were lineally descended. If the Court should pronounce a decree in favor of the plaintiffs, then the result would be that the property which had several years since been divided between the families of Lady Andover and Lord Beauchamp must be subject to the present claim, and they would be made liable to refund one third of the residue, inasmuch as the claim, if admitted, would entitle the claimants to the same share of the fund, as they stood in an equal degree with these noble persons.

Mr. J. Wakefield, on the same side, quoted precedents in the persons of the Scipios and Old Parr, who he said, had a child born to him at the age of 105, as well as cases from Ulloy down to Dr. Parr, to prove that many instances of pregnancy had occurred after the age of fifty years. The Attorney General, on the other side, informed the Court that another claim was manufacturing. The present had been dormant for thirty years. He was persuaded that Mr H. Jennings never had a daughter named Elizabeth. That an Elizabeth Jennings, who afterwards married Jeremiah Smith, had existed, he did not doubt, but from the evidence of one Mr Walker, it was proved, that if she had been the was two years old when she gave birth to her first child, she must have bore three afterwards, and between six four years of age when she produced the last. It also appeared that the said Elizabeth could not write, and it was not probable that if she had been the daughter of Mr. H. Jennings as necessary a part of her education would have been committed. Had a fine residence in Grosvenor square, and the children wrote the Italian hands. The Vice Chancellor said he should take time to consider his judgment

Catching a Flat.—Mr Frederick Ashwin (brother to Mr Wm. Ashwin, of Sedeborough, the celebrated sporting character) went his groom, Wm. Carter, to Lewes fair, and to Mr. Tattersall at Evesham, to sell a hackney mare. Two respectable looking gentmen, as William said, conued up to him and axed him the price on her, and in the money being paid, William delivered her to the purchaser. On the money being paid, William delivered to the purchaser. On the money being paid, William delivered to the purchaser. On the money being paid, William delivered

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LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

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Hours from 9 to 2 and 6 to 9 o'clock, Broadway, several doors south of Grand st. Opposite American Museum, where he may be consulted until 9 in the evening. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.
☞ Private consultation by appointment, third floor from the museum.
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JS BLISSING & CO. 79 William st N. York

CHARLES ADAMS—Late secretary of Mrs. Wilkins street, now Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. June 28

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL,
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability to the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage.
C. H. WEBB,
Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.
j22

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR streets, New York.

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since this establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to ensure a continuance of public patronage. No exertion in this city can procure more advantage to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Hall of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute to every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are indeed to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase in patronage, they are justified in presuming that the merits of it have proved in every respect, what this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an entire Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, at all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exerted to please and to deserve public patronage. The Refining, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in an elegant style as any House of the kind in the country, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please with a moderate charge. If, he wishes to breakfast in our hall, he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, and in the Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, at all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exerted to please and to deserve public patronage. The Refining, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
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GOOLD & ATKINS.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. MEAD, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

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Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. June 28

Stages and Steamboats.

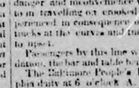
NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WILMINGTON.

Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. at 4 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Roseville's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE RECEIVED TO	
To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick,	$2 50
" Princeton,	1 00
" Trenton	1 50
Breakfast on board.	37 1-2

The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest price they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crowded Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to injury.
Passengers by this line will find superior accommodations, the bar and table being equal to the best hotels.
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M. from the same wharf which this Line landed. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. RESSIDE & CO. Proprietors.
j29

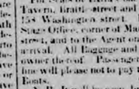
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.



Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the morning.
For Seats or Extra Coaches in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on the arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owners thereof. Baggage will be checked by the line into Boston.
C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by the above and several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, in contradiction with the facts; evidently designed to give the *impression in fact*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been driven off the route—which had induced them to make bold pretensions of the kind, and even to threaten attempts to monopolize and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at all times, when a good whole, some opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued impositions, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, than the Boats, on any road, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.
THE STEAMBOAT GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River Steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 191 South street
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 223 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

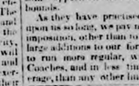


THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph H. Roy's Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morristown, Succasunna Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford* on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hendrick's, Dwelertown to Milford*. Where the two lines connect, and leave *Milford, Montrose, Dingman's Ferry, Bushkill, Mount Pocono*, and thence through *Dunn to Gouldsburg*.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, it intersects a Line running three times a week from Philadelphia. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Carbondale to Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Hawley, through Wilkesbarre, Honesdale, Bethany, Hamlinburgh, &c. Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego it intersects a Line from Tioga Point, Newburgh, Elmira, Oswego, Fair Ville, Auburn, Ithaca, &c. Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Bloomsburg, Danville, Milton, Lewisburg, Selins Grove, Pottsville, Northumberland, &c. Also, a Line from Port Jervis, Courtlandt street, and James Kearney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph H. Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH H. ROY
SEARL & HAMPTON
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
Proprietors.
mar 8 ly

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Brewster Coach, Tom Thumb, Eagle, Washington, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been put in first rate condition, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve a share of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the patronage of New York generally.
N. B. Some Stages have lately been exposed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owners of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that whoever may have purchased tickets, that which he has himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, just cause to be careless, and forty minutes, or more, at a time, lost by the Stages not starting on the regular schedules. He hopes therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has had no benefit, and which he has always found, would cause him an expense equal to either the redeeming money any case contained in the tickets. m11 Jan 26

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.
THE LOWELL AND NEW YORK LINE OF STAGES, Leave Lowell, Mass. every morning at 5 o'clock, through Groton, Ayer's Village, Littleton, Boxborough, Stow, Hudson, Marlboro, Southborough, Westborough, Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Fair Coaches furnished at short notice.
LOWELL AND BOSTON



Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any hour.
JAMES NEWELL, Agent
apr 12 ly

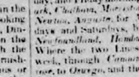
PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.

LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st Albany, and Babcock's Coffee House, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M., passing through Hinsock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrive at Troy at 5, P. M. Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Webb's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Albany. m1 ly

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.

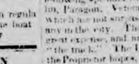
COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for New Hampshire, Vermont, and Canada. All old, slow coaches have been thrown the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont.
JAMES NEWELL, Agent.
apr 21 ly

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 4 o'clock, P. M. and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves Jersey City, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Rocky-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects three routes daily for *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York, or J. J. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners thereof.
J. J. ROY & CO.
mar 8 tf

MERCHANTS' LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Roster, No. 7 Commerce slip, corner of Water st New York; Wm. Lockwood, Albany; A. Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Parker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hand, Troy; Wheaton & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelsey & Wakeman, Cleveland, O.; Kelsey & Co. Sandusky City, O.; Gaylord & Hallam, Columbus, O.; C. W. Goodman & Co. Cincinnati, O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PHILLIPS & CO.
Albany, June 20 tf *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE,
LADDS', *WILLIAMSTREET*,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THIS popular conveyance will leave Boston, Fitchburg, Fitzwilliam, and Brattleboro' every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, and arrive at Fitzwilliam, Fitchburg, and Boston the next day. Leaves Brattleboro' at 5 P. M. Fitzwilliam at 6 A. M. and Fitchburg at 9 A. M. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitchburg, and reach Boston in time for the cars that leave Boston for Worcester at 10 P. M. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitzwilliam, and reach Boston in time for the cars that leave Boston for Worcester at 10 A. M. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Brattleboro' and reach Boston in time for the cars that leave Boston for Worcester at 10 A. M. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Brattleboro' and reach Fitchburg in time for the cars that leave Fitchburg for Boston at 3 P. M. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitzwilliam, and reach Fitchburg in time for the cars that leave Fitchburg for Boston at 3 P. M. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitchburg, and reach Fitzwilliam and Brattleboro' the same day. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitzwilliam, and reach Brattleboro' the same day. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Brattleboro' and reach Fitzwilliam the same day. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitchburg, and reach Brattleboro' the same day. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Brattleboro' and reach Fitchburg the same day. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitzwilliam, and reach Fitchburg the same day. Passengers can take the Boston Stage at Fitchburg, and reach Fitzwilliam